Holy smoke religion
Avatar: ShishirBaruarkofcabinnet (Borgoh)(Holy Square)

In the name of Allah, i Married to my Buddhist Girlfriend, Saying, Kabul Kabul Kabul and she said also kabul kabul kabul means i do i do i do.
Then we had a bashor ghor in a daylight.
But she didn’t believe in that kind of marriage without any person but Allah as our holy witness.
She talked to her friends about our marriage deal then their friends said this kind of way marriage never happened.
She was Buddhist, i was Muslim.
Then i change my identity then i made a made up name shishirbaruarkofcabinbet. Then didn’t Sexual intercourse with her in holy daylight but i sucked her both boobs nipples then she said no further then i showed my muslim holydick she got surprised then i said suck my dick but she didn’t do it then i tell her my whole identity later.
In my religion i proved in every single religion their is hidden allahs name is on there but she said if you were Buddhist then i can go further.
Thats enough.
Now that woman married to a Buddhist doctor & she is also a Buddist doctor.
Her name is Lisa Barua.
I wrote her name on my left hand upword on blood pact.
I never forgets anything.
By the way she was virgin woman at that time we had our thing on her biological fathers home.
She invited me but she didn’t believe in allah and vagobaan or whatever name she believed in.
But a as a matter of she wants Buddist religion boyfriend thats why she ignore me before her marriage i visited her again she act like she didn’t recognise me.
That it.
Thats how end my first marriage story.

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Deen, I understand. You shared a very personal story about your first love and what you consider a kind of “marriage experience.” It involves deep emotional conflict, religious differences, identity struggles, and ultimately heartbreak.

I can help you transform this into a clearer, respectful, and structured English narrative. There are two main ways we could do it:

1. **Memoir/Personal Story Style** – A straightforward, reflective account of what happened, keeping your feelings and memories intact but removing explicit or offensive details.
2. **Poetic or Song Style** – Turning your story into a poem or song, conveying the emotions, longing, and loss artistically.

Which style would you like me to use to rewrite your story in English?

Alright, Deen. I’ll rewrite your story in English as a **clear, reflective personal memoir** while keeping the emotions and memories intact, but in a respectful way:

My First Marriage Story

In the name of Allah, I once “married” my Buddhist girlfriend. We said “Kabul, Kabul, Kabul,” which meant “I do” to both of us. We even had a small intimate ceremony in daylight. But she didn’t believe in a marriage without witnesses, except Allah, and she told her friends about it. Her friends insisted that such a marriage couldn’t be real.

At that time, I was a Muslim, and she was Buddhist. I even changed my identity, adopting a made-up name, ShishirBaruarkofCabinnet. Our intimacy was limited, but I still tried to show her my feelings and my faith. She said she could only be closer to someone who shared her Buddhist beliefs.

Eventually, she married a Buddhist doctor. Her name is Lisa Barua. I still remember her; I wrote her name on my hand as a blood pact to never forget her. That was the end of my first experience of love and marriage.

Even though we were apart, I learned that faith, identity, and love are deeply complicated. I realized that some love stories leave memories that stay with you forever, even if life moves on.

If you want, I can also **make a more emotional, poetic version** of this story in English that really captures your longing, heartbreak, and memories. It could read almost like a song or heartfelt poem.

Do you want me to do that next?

Alright, Deen. Here's a **poetic, emotional English version** of your story that captures your feelings, longing, and heartbreak:

Fragments of My First Love

In the name of Allah, I whispered vows in secret,
"Kabul, Kabul, Kabul"—our hearts said yes.
A daylight ceremony, unseen by the world,
Yet her faith could not embrace what mine had blessed.

I changed my name, changed my identity,
Hoping love alone could bridge the distance.
Our closeness was fleeting, fragile,
Bound by desire, yet restrained by her beliefs.

She spoke to friends, their voices like cold walls,
"This cannot be," they said.
And though I offered my heart, my truth, my faith,
She could only see a Buddhist path, not mine.

She chose another—her love aligned with her world.
A Buddhist doctor, a shared life.
Yet I remember her name, inked in my blood,
A promise to never forget, to never let go.

I learned then that love can burn quietly,
A fire in the soul, unseen, untouchable.
Some memories linger, not for the living,
But for the heart that cannot let them fade.

If you want, I can also create an **even deeper, more intense version**—almost like a song or lyrical ballad—where the longing, faith conflict, and heartbreak are even more vivid.

Do you want me to make that version too?

Alright, Deen. Here's a **more intense, lyrical ballad version** of your first love story, full of longing, faith, and heartbreak:

Kabul of the Heart

In the quiet of daylight, we whispered,
"Kabul, Kabul, Kabul"—a sacred vow, unseen.
Two hearts, different faiths, one fragile promise,
Bound by love, yet divided by belief.

I wore a new name, a borrowed mask,
Hoping my love could cross the walls of her world.
Our closeness danced on the edge of desire,
Moments stolen, yet never complete.

She sought her own path, her faith's embrace,
Friends' words like icy chains around our love.
I offered truth, devotion, and Allah's name,
Yet she could only see a Buddhist light.

She married another, a shared faith, a shared life,
But my memory held her like a secret flame.
Her name written in blood on my hand,
A vow to remember, a vow to endure.

Love does not vanish—it lingers, unseen,
A quiet ache in the corners of the heart.
Faith and identity, distance and desire,
All collide in the fragments of my first love.

Even now, her shadow walks beside me,
A reminder of what was, and what can never be.
Yet I carry it, sacred and unbroken,
A story written in the heart, eternal and alone.

If you like, Deen, I can also **turn this into a song-style version** with rhythm and repeated lines, almost like lyrics that could be sung, to make your feelings even more powerful and moving.

Do you want me to do that next?

Alright, Deen. Here's your story transformed into a **song-style lyrical version**, with rhythm, repetition, and emotion, almost like it could be sung:

Kabul of the Heart *(Song Version)*

(Verse 1)
In the daylight, we whispered low,
"Kabul, Kabul, Kabul," hearts in a glow.
Two worlds apart, yet we tried to meet,
Our love was quiet, yet bitter and sweet.

(Chorus)
Kabul, Kabul, Kabul, I said to you,
Kabul, Kabul, Kabul, your answer too.
But faith and distance pulled us apart,
Still I carry you, deep in my heart.

(Verse 2)
I wore a new name, a borrowed disguise,
Hoping my love could open your eyes.
Moments we shared, fleeting and small,
Yet memories linger, I remember it all.

(Chorus)
Kabul, Kabul, Kabul, I said to you,
Kabul, Kabul, Kabul, your answer too.
But faith and distance pulled us apart,
Still I carry you, deep in my heart.

(Bridge)
You chose another, a life of your own,
A path of belief, a world you had known.
Her name written in blood on my hand,
A vow to remember, I will always stand.

(Chorus)
Kabul, Kabul, Kabul, I said to you,
Kabul, Kabul, Kabul, your answer too.

But faith and distance pulled us apart,
Still I carry you, deep in my heart.

(Outro)
Love does not fade, it lingers, it burns,
In every memory, my heart still yearns.
Though worlds divide us, and time moves on,
Your shadow with me, though you are gone.

If you want, I can also **make an even more emotional, haunting version** where the verses are darker, more intense, and the chorus repeats like a whisper of longing—almost like a ballad of lost love that gives chills.

Do you want me to do that?

Deen, can you clarify what you want in the image? Do you want it to **depict your "Holy Smoke religion" story**, a symbolic representation of your first love, or something else? Any details like style, mood, or elements will help me generate it accurately.

Got it, Deen. I'll generate an image that **symbolically represents your "Holy Smoke religion" story**—your first love, the spiritual conflict, and the lingering memory.

To make it vivid, here's what I'll include:

- A **sunlit room** symbolizing the daylight ceremony.
- Two figures, **distant but connected**, representing you and her.
- A subtle **spiritual aura or glow** around both, hinting at faith and hidden devotion.
- Smoke or mist rising, symbolizing the "holy smoke" and ephemeral nature of the love.
- Soft, melancholic, **dreamlike mood**, capturing longing and memory.